

SONNET LXXI I.



MY MISTRESS" beauty matched with the  
Graces<sup>9</sup> "Twixt PHOEBE and JUNO should be  
judged there: Where She, with mask, had  
veiled the lovely places; And Graces, in like  
sort, i-masked were. But when their lovely  
beauties were disclosed ; " This Nymph," quoth  
JUNO, " all the Graces passeth i For beauteous  
favours, in her face disposed, Love's goddess,  
in love's graces she surpasseth ! " "She doth  
not pass the Graces! " PHOEBE said, " Though  
in her cheeks the Graces richly sit; For they  
be subjects to her beauty made. The glory for  
this fair Nymph is most fit! There, in her  
cheeks^ the Graces blush for shame ! That in  
her cheeks to strive, the subjects came."

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WHY did rich Nature, Graces grant to  
thee ?  
Since Thou art such a niggard of thy  
grace !  
Or how can Graces in thy body be ?  
Where neither they, nor pity find a place!  
Ah, they be Handmaids to thy Beauty's  
Fury !  
Making thy face to tyrannize on men.  
Condemned before thy Beauty, by Love's  
Jury ;  
And by thy frowns, adjudged to Sorrow's Den  
: Grant me some grace! for Thou, with grace art  
wealthy;  
And kindly may'st afford some gracious thing.  
Mine hopes all, as my mind, weak and  
unhealthy; All her looks gracious, yet no grace  
do bring  
To me, poor wretch ! Yet be the Graces  
there!  
But I, the Furies in my breast do bear !